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# THE ART REVIEW.

which has, between that time and this, created the finest part of Boston, and given a million of dollars, more or less, to the State to squander on its other enterprises. When this new land was still under water, different institutions began begging for pieces of it. The Natural History Society got one; the Technological Institution got another. And somebody, ahead of his time, pushed into the bill a grant of a large square (still under water) for an "Institution of Art."

Well, this has now been firm land for years. Our great Coliseum was the first "Institution of Art" ever put on it. And now the trustees to whom it was granted are able to give it as a site for the new museum. The museum has been incorporated with an energetic board of trustees of its own, including officers from the four societies I have named. They contribute their collections,—so that, from the very beginning, a good nucleus is made,—and a subscription of two hundred thousand dollars is now on foot for the erection of a simple but substantial building on the site, which with such foresight was reserved for it. Of this sum one hundred and thirty thousand dollars had been subscribed before the summer drove people away from Boston. A Finance Committee of the very best of Boston has the matter in hand, and as soon as people return from sea, shore and woods, will "close up" the subscription. This is our first success.

The other is more directly in the line of education. I like to put on paper the name of the man who set it on foot, Mr. Francis C. Lowell,—who, with his kinsmen, Mr. John A. Lowell, the trustee of the Lowell Institution; Mr. James Russell Lowell, the poet, and, indeed, many others, keeps fresh in this generation the honors of the name which has fitly been given to the first great manufacturing city of America.

Mr. Lowell observed the necessity of higher culture of the people in fine art, if we are not to lose the precedence we boast in manufacture and in social order. He suggested, therefore, and, with some friends, carried through a memorial to the Legislature of 1869, asking for inquiry and legislation in the matter of public instruction in drawing in the manufacturing towns. The Board of Education was directed to report on the subject. Mr. Lowell and his friends appeared before it. Prof. Ware, of the Technological School, brought forward some very valuable suggestions derived from his experience, here and in Europe. The Board presented a report,—and this year's Legislature passed the following act, which is a completely new step on our system of public education:

**SEC. 1.** The first section of chapter thirty-eight of the general statutes is hereby amended, so as to include drawing among the branches of learning which are, by said section, required to be taught in the public schools.

**SEC. 2.** Any city or town may, and every city and town having more than ten thousand inhabitants shall annually make provision for giving free instruction in industrial or mechanical drawing to persons over fifteen years of age either in day or evening

schools under the direction of the school committee.

**SEC. 3.** This act shall take effect upon its passage.

Approved May 16, 1870.

We must observe that this law provides not simply for drawing in the public schools, but for separate Art schools, free to men and women, as well as children, in all the towns of the State. It will encourage thorough work in drawing in so large a part of the State, that in a few years it shall have good teachers and good drawing in the public schools.

The Board of Education derived great advantage in this inquiry from Prof. Thomson, the head of the "Worcester Technical School," who explained the system there, which is based on the South Kensington system of the English Public Art Schools. I cannot but believe that, with the spirited supervision of the State board, and the help of such men as Prof. Thomson, Prof. Ware, Mr. Perkins and others who are intelligent enthusiasts on the subject, a system as effective as that of England, Belgium, France, Prussia or Austria, may grow up in Massachusetts.

The towns are beginning to make their arrangements under this statute. The city of Boston has directed its committee to engage a teacher in London from among the teachers who have been trained in the Kensington School. The city will at once establish three free drawing schools for adults, men and women. It has sustained one, in part, for ten years past. The new English teacher will be employed as a normal teacher, and all the teachers in the public schools will attend on his instructions, thus preparing themselves to carry out similar instruction to their pupils.

With such preparation we may hope that in another generation we may have the whole community educated to some ability in fine art, and a fit appreciation of it. At this moment I think I could count on the fingers of two hands all the men and women who can draw the human figure decently in all New England.

BOSTON, Sept. 18, 1870.

## NIGHT ON THE BEACH: A FRAGMENT.

*(Suggestions for a Marine View.)*

BY H. M. HUGUNIN.

I stood by Lake Michigan's wave,  
On the low and desolate shore;  
The surge, green and cold, like a grave,  
Passed on with a terrible roar;—  
A sound like a dirge—then a dash,  
Like a cavalry charge in its haste—  
The surf on the beach, with a crash,  
Fell broken and spent in its waste.

Night came, and the vessel at sea,  
With canvas all straining and torn,  
Sped away from the land on her lee;—  
In the dimness a creature forlorn;—  
A spirit whose hour has gone by,

In a moment she fled from my sight,  
While shrill came the loon's wailing cry,  
Borne aloft on the storm and the night.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHICAGO, 1869.

## OPPOSITIONS OF SCIENCE, FALSELY SO CALLED.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

Well spoken, Paul, and after eighteen hundred years we are not much better off. Take out of our science all which is falsely so called, and the residuum, speaking scientifically, would be infinitesimal. "Why does the bill hit upon ninety-five millions?" asked one Representative of his neighbor, when Congress was discussing a bill for the Extension of the Currency.

"I don't know," was the reply, "unless because the earth is ninety-five millions of miles from the sun—dollar a mile."

And that is as valuable as a great deal of our scientific lore. So long as we talk about the stars and the gases, central fires and Supreme ether, we spin famously, for nobody can contradict, but the moment we descend into the region of human life and observation, science begins to wabble. You may tell me as authoritatively as you please that the smallest spot on the sun is fifty billions of miles in diameter, or that Neptune consists chiefly of hydrocyanic acid, and I can only make great eyes at you, and get my living by day's work all the same, while you go up and down in the newspapers for a savant, become an honorary member of all the learned societies, and wag a tail to your name twenty letters long. But when it comes to practical availability, it is your turn to make great eyes. I want to build a cot beside a hill where a bee-hive's hum shall soothe mine ear, and I call in vain upon the learned, far and near, to answer me the simple question: How many cisterns of water can there be in a round pot as big as a brick chimney torn down? Response is none, for the question is a practical one. You can measure the sun, hit or miss. A few millions of miles, more or less, will never be detected; but if my water-works run dry, ruin and disgrace impend. You do well not to commit yourself.

So, as the farmer said to his boys, I will even try it myself. We boast of our educational facilities in America, nor need we fear the bigot's rule while near the church spire stands the school, and all that. I am an American citizen, and surely I ought to be able to cipher out a cistern with the bricks before me. I wanted it eight feet long, eight feet wide, and six feet deep. But then came a drought, and I deepened it two feet. Then as the drought grew droughtier and droughtier, I extended my cistern, in my mind's eye, Horatio, two feet in all directions, and then the man came and said he made them round after the similitude of a pot. Very well. In our enlightened age and free country, we ought not to find it impossible to put a round man in a square place, and the problem was to make a round cistern big enough to hold ten feet long, ten feet wide, and ten feet deep. Come up, now, common schools, free institutions, manhood suffrage, and tell me how big it must be. I take down Greenleaf's arithmetic. Seventeen hundred and twenty-eight inches make one foot. Plain sailing. Is there anything

anywhere that tells how many gallons to a foot? Yes, ale gallon, two hundred and eighty-two; wine gallon, two hundred and thirty-one. But my cistern is not to hold ale, and I am no Duke of Clarence to drown myself in Malmsey wine. What I want to know is how many gallons of water can I get into my round cistern ten feet square, and Greenleaf does not know, and as for making a globe out of a cube, Greenleaf stares at it precisely as Sam Weller stared at his father in the court room—that is, he looks the other way. You would think he never heard of a cube or a globe.

Now the ages of hapless infancy that I have lavished on arithmetic might well draw tears such as angels weep, and the very first time in my life that arithmetic ever had an opportunity to be of any use to me, it all dropped apart. It is an ingenious enough science to torment innocent and helpless children with, but it cannot build a cistern. I must toss my mathematics aside, lay off my garland and singing robes, go down meekly to my waiting workmen, and, instead of the scientific formula with which I had intended to awe them, say like any dullard: "Keep digging till you have made a hole big enough to put all the bricks in out of the chimney, which is a hundred and fifty years old, and large in proportion."

And I have a beautiful cistern, no thanks to science, but there is nobody in the heavens above nor the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, not even the men that made it, who can tell how large it is over. With Universities and Smithsonians, and Polytechnic Institutes in full blast, the only way to measure off your cistern is to build a chimney and then knock it down and count the bricks. And we prize of Science!

But Paul and I add under our breath, falsely so called:

I should like to know, too, if there is any person within the memory of men still living who has not slipped full of the horrors resulting from using lead pipes. If we are to believe the books, Eve's apple was an innocent and harmless thing compared with a bit of lead pipe. Disease dwelt in the outer darkness till she was conducted into our world through a lead pipe. Science cannot build me a cistern, but she can poison all the pleasure to be derived from it. Long ago we heard and received into devout and believing hearts all the scaring stories, and rejoiced in our old-fashioned but wooden pump, and ascribed our vigor and health to pure, fresh water, till one day the pump was taken up to be mended, and lo, like Milton's sin, it was no wooden pump at all, but only seemed wooden to the floor and fair, but ended soul, in a lead pipe!

So then, after ascertaining that in spite of years of poisoning we still lived, the old np was thrown aside and a new one bought with galvanized iron pipe, devised, commended and recommended by wise men of the East as safe and salubrious. No rust could corrode it nor poison dilute it, and we drank that our souls might live. Now comes up Science again with a somersault, and

warns us if there is any one thing more deleterious and deadly than another it is galvanized iron, for whereas ordinarily the poison is an incident to the pipe, this pipe sets to work with double forces to make poison. Go to. We be all dead men.

"But oh!" mouths science, with no accession of modesty, "we have discovered something altogether wonderful. Lead is fatal and galvanized iron deadly, but if you will fill lead pipes with the warm concentrated solution of sulphide of sodium till it forms an insoluble sulphide of lead, they will be perfectly harmless."

They will, will they? For how long? By day after to-morrow you would set us all digging out the insoluble sulphide of lead as the arch-poison of the whole solar and human system. Away with your pipes and your poisons and let us go back to the old oaken bucket that has no nonsense about it. I suppose I can swallow a rope if I like and nobody hurt. Or will you tell me presently that the combination of the hempenate of oakum with the hydrogen of water forms a hyper-hempehydrate utterly destructive to the cerebral tissues, the cordic ganglia and the body politic generally?

When science knows her own mind, it will be time enough for her to dogmatize about our bodies. Until then, we of the Ignorami, may as well rest assured that men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for lead, and cultivate the cheerful spirit of that incredulous mother in a certain rural Israel, who, when condoled with for a supposed liver complaint, replied heartily, "I don't know but my liver and my lights is both gone; but if they be I don't know it!"

#### AMERICAN SCULPTURE IN EUROPE.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE POSITION ATTAINED BY AMERICAN WOMEN.

##### FIRST ARTICLE.

BY J. JACKSON JARVES.

A complete generation has not yet passed away since a distinct school of sculpture began to be developed in America. Notwithstanding our natural disadvantages in the way of a practical education in this branch of the fine arts, we have reared scores of successful sculptors, some of whom have fairly distinguished themselves, although no one of really remarkable original power has yet appeared. The deficiencies in our attainments in this respect is the result less of the want of mechanical skill and ingenuity, or of fresh and pleasing ideas, than of inadequate means of academical instruction and of local comparison and of knowledge of the history of art, such as are afforded by the well stocked museums of the old world.

We shall have all these in due time. Meanwhile let us take note, not only of the progress made by the sculptors themselves, but of the increasing desire of the buyers of works of art for those of a more original character than have hitherto furnished the

staple demand. There is, of course, the usual call for realistic busts and portrait statues, in strict conformity with the prosaic costumes of the day, in the treatment of which no inconsiderable skill of characterisation of individual traits has been manifested, despite some prominent and even ludicrous mistakes, arising from the lack of anatomical knowledge, and from an inept taste. But I do not propose here to refer further to our realistic portrait sculpture, other than to say that in some points it excels that of other countries. This is chiefly due to the large demand which has arisen for the stone effigies, as more durable than paintings, more easily understood, criticized and enjoyed, than the more subtle mysteries of modeling in color; and good pay, the best busts being readily secured at a thousand dollars in gold; and the detective acuteness of observation of character of the sculptors in general, a faculty which seems common to all our wide-awake countrymen, and which, while it assures the triumph of the artist, equally secures to him an appreciative audience. Hence the average accuracy of familiar likeness of our busts, their popularity, and the fact that the heads of our statues of eminent persons are tolerably sure to be cleverly executed, however faulty the torso and limbs.

Notwithstanding, however, this strong bias for realism in our sculpture, its beginnings were of the ideal types. In the outset of their careers, our sculptors boldly attacked the difficult side of their art, and attempted at once to rival the accomplishments of old races that had taken several centuries of study to perfect theirs. In view of first efforts, the Greek Slaves, Chanting Cherubs, Ganymedes and kindred productions of Powers, Greenough and Crawford were more than respectable, though, in comparison with the loftiest standard of Greek art, which they wished to rival, without a y, as it were, preparatory training and labor, they were unmistakable failures. They were wrong, too, in inception, inasmuch as they were the weak reflections of the idealisms of dead peoples, instead of being the vigorous, even if crude efforts of a live race striving to attain to living ideals of their own. The human figure must forever remain the most complete model and highest possible achievement of sculpture. But the idea which animates it should be in sympathy with its own epoch. Those images which simply suggest the antique or even mediæval idealisms, have no sufficient cause of being now. And it becomes all the worse for the progress of the sculptor, when, as it has often occurred, prominent artists allow themselves to repeat the same second-hand thought and form under different names, with scarcely perceptible variations of manipulation or feature, all their lives. The literature of a century does not base its fame on the hackneyed themes and treatment of its story-writers to amuse the million, though these may bring fortunes to the pockets of the authors, and carry their names on the wings of every advertising sheet and puffing